

5525
O82S7
1912

STAR FLOWERS



Elizabeth Morton



Class PS 352.5

Book 1713

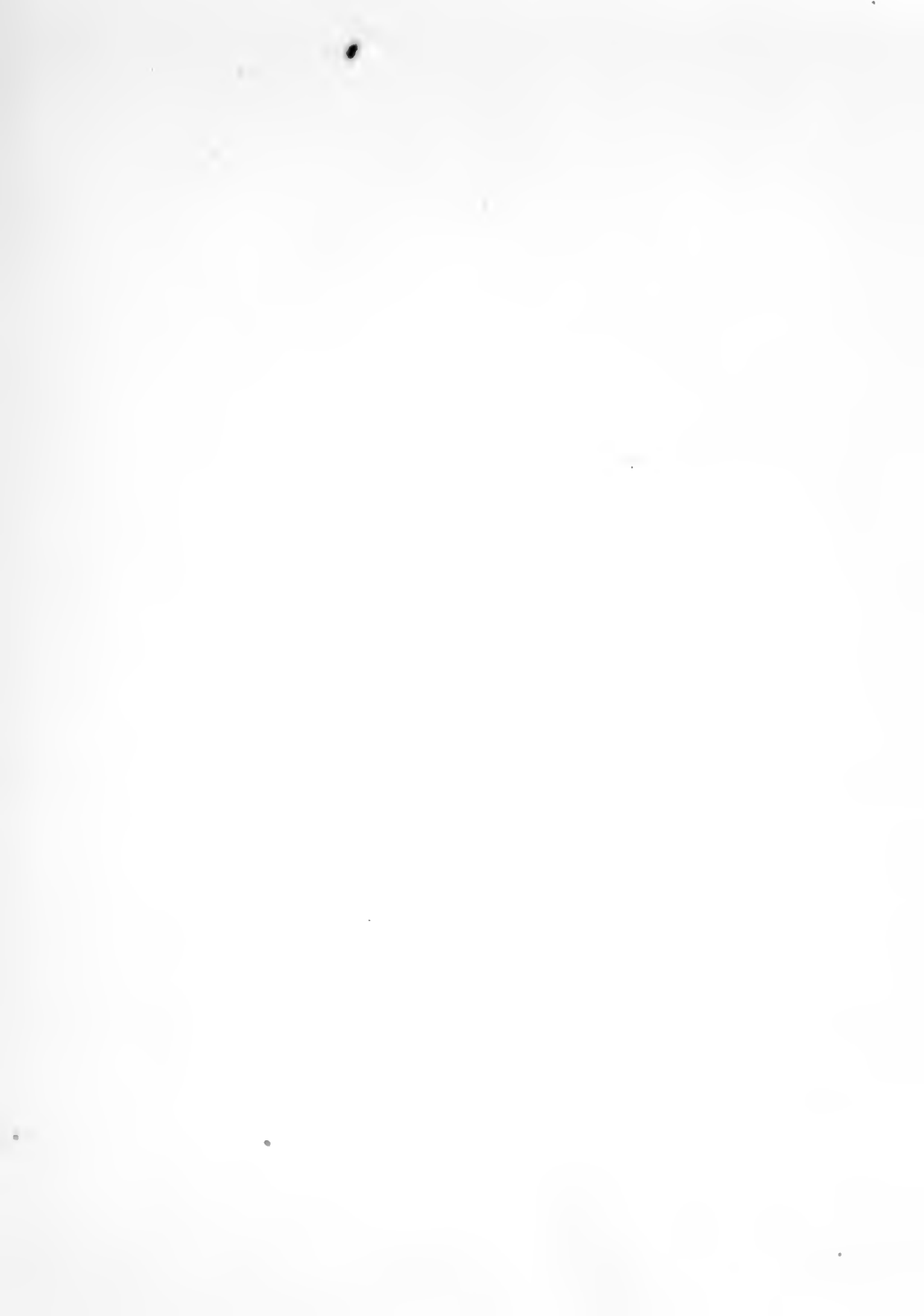
Copyright N° 1713

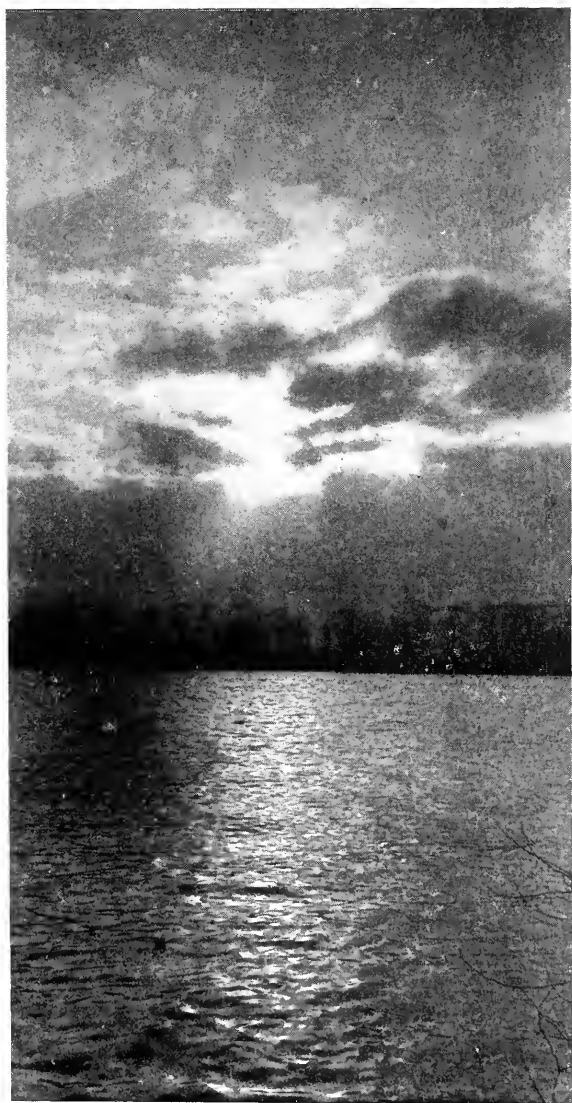
COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.



STAR FLOWERS OR SONGS IN THE NIGHT







A NIGHT SCENE

STAR FLOWERS

OR

SONGS IN THE NIGHT

*Stars on earth and stars in heaven,
Stars and flowers meet.
Flowers like stars, and stars like flowers,—
All a poem sweet.*

BY

ELIZA H. MORTON

Author of *Still Waters*, etc.

PORTLAND, MAINE
SMITH & SALE, PUBLISHERS
1912

PS 3525
.0857
1912

COPYRIGHT 1912

BY

ELIZA H. MORTON

© Cl. A305920

DEDICATED TO ALL
WHO HAVE HAD ANY SORROW
OR PAIN IN LIFE

*The songs which give us rest,
The ones we love the best,
Are songs right from the heart —
The very soul a part —
Such songs are sometimes glad,
But oftener sweetly sad,
For such is life.*

CONTENTS

	PAGE
STAR FLOWERS	3
SONGS IN THE NIGHT	4
MOTHER	5
THE MINISTRY OF FLOWERS	6
THE INFINITE	7
JULY	8
COURAGE	9
SOLITUDE	10
"HAD I ONLY KNOWN"	12
SUCH A LITTLE WHILE	13
NEVER AGAIN	14
STARS	15
BLIND BARTIMÆUS	16
BE OF GOOD CHEER	18
THE THREAD OF GOLD	19
THE SONG OF LIFE	20
HEART-SOBS	22
A THOUGHT	23
CAREFUL FOR NOTHING	24
KEEP ME, O GOD	25
RAPTURE	27
THAT WHICH IS LEFT	28
CHANGES	30
SHELLS	31
SICKNESS	32

CONTENTS

	PAGE
NO NEED TO WORRY	33
NOBODY CARES	35
GOD'S CARE	36
SOMEBODY CARES	37
TO AN AGED FRIEND	38
A BOOK-MARK	39
FATHER KNOWETH	40
A GARDEN FESTIVAL	41
FOR ME	43
GOD'S WAYS ARE JUST	44
THE ROBBER CHIEF	45
A HEART CRY	48
TREASURES OF DARKNESS	49
THE SONG OF STARS	50
DIVINE PERCEPTION	51
HOLD MY HAND	52
IT TAKES BUT LITTLE	54
TWO VISIONS	55
BE BRAVE	56
FRIENDSHIP	57
LONELY HOURS	58
DRIFT WOOD	60
THE SHINING OF HIS FACE	61
THE TWITTERING OF THE BIRDS	62
RUINS	63
THE LOVE OF GOD	65
BE GLAD AND HOPEFUL	66
OUT OF THE DARKNESS	67

CONTENTS

	PAGE
THOU REMAINEST	68
THE WIND-SWEPT HARP	69
THE VOICE OF THE SEA	70
THE LILIES OF GOD	72
THE PAST AND THE FUTURE	74
PROPHETIC	76
THE PICTURE ON THE WALL	77
THE SILENT CITY	79
RECIPROCITY	80
BEAUTY	81
A WOUNDED SPIRIT	82
WHAT IS THE USE	84
LIFE'S GOLD	85
FUTURITY	86
THAT CUTTING WORD	87
BE STRONG IN GOD	88
IN THE GLIMMER OF THE SHADOWS	90
SOMETIMES	91
THE WALK TO EMMAUS	93
LIGHT BEYOND	95
THE TREMOR OF TROUBLE	96
THE BOW OF PROMISE	97
IDEALS	98
FORSAKEN	100
THE HORROR OF A GREAT DARKNESS	101
HOW TO BE REFRESHED	102
LIFE'S DISCIPLINE	103
THE FACE AT THE WINDOW	104

CONTENTS

	PAGE
ROYALTY	105
STRENGTHEN ME	107
THE STAR OF TRUTH	108
THINGS I LOVE	110
CHRIST THE SONG	112
NOTHING CAN MAKE US AFRAID	114
WE ARE BUT INSTRUMENTS	115
LIFE WORK	116
CONSECRATION	117
MY TREASURES	118
JESUS	120
SYMPATHY	121
MY SONG	122
BEAUTIFUL NAME	123
YE SHALL BE COMFORTED	124
IF I SHOULD DIE	125
A DRAMA OF LIFE	126
NOBILITY OF HEART	127
AT EVENTIDE	128
THE MORNING COMETH	129
GLORIFIED	131

STAR FLOWERS OR SONGS IN THE NIGHT



STAR FLOWERS

SOME songs are like the lilies
That in the meadows stand.
They awe us with their beauty,
So stately and so grand.

And some are bright, enchanting,
Like garden roses red.
They make us think of birthdays,
And maids about to wed.

Some songs are like carnations,
They ravish sense and brain
Until the rythmic pleasure
Is one long glad refrain.

And other songs are humbler —
Forget-me-nots of blue.
They tell of love and duty,
Of friendship, tried and true.

The star flowers of the singer
Are songs that peace impart.
They come to us in sorrow
And rest the weary heart.

SONGS IN THE NIGHT

SONGS in the night He giveth,
Songs in the darkness deep,
Songs when the stars are hidden,
Songs of a power to keep —
The power of Jesus' name.

Songs when the pain is hardest,
Songs when the tear-drops start,
Songs when the life is ebbing,
Songs from a throbbing heart,—
Jesus forever the same.

Songs when the pride is wounded,
Songs when the heart is sore,
Songs when by friends forsaken,
Songs with "the wolf at the door."
Jesus, our Helper, our King.

Songs at the grave's dark portal,
Songs when oppressed with grief,
Songs of a golden morning,
Songs of a sure relief,
Jesus, our Song! Let us sing!

MOTHER

O MOTHER sleeping 'neath grass-sods low,
I never thought I could miss you so —
And more and more. As the days go by
The deeper my heart's wild yearning cry.
I long for thy tender, loving kiss,
The clasp of thy hand would be untold bliss.

O mother! mother! mother!

I see thy face through my falling tears,
I think of life with its weary years,
My heart is beating with homesick throb,
A lonesome wail I check with a sob,
I reach to the air my empty arms
And clutch but mists with my fevered palms.

O mother! mother! mother!

The great cold world like a snow-clad hill
Is sending blasts that my life-blood chill.
O mother, darling, so kind, so true,
No other friend can compare with you.
God knows the love for He placed it there,
A symbol sweet of His own great care.

O mother! mother! mother!

I must not grieve for I know it 's well,
My work henceforth is God's love to tell,
And by and by at the great white throne
I shall meet you mother, my own, my own,
I shall see your face with love-light shine
Looking with eager eyes into mine.

O mother! mother! mother!

THE MINISTRY OF FLOWERS

'T IS said that in the long and long ago
The angels looked upon this earth and smiled,
And, straightway, where their loving glances fell
Sprang up bright blossoms laden with perfume.
When in the spring the flowers lift their heads
We smile and touch their robes with gentle hands
And try to learn the lesson they would teach,
For lo, they teach a lesson all their own.

In youth when life is rainbow-hued and seems
Like bits of glory fallen from the sky,
Blithe Love appears with eager steps and bears
Upon his wings a wealth of flowers, and twines
Them into wreaths for those who kiss his lips,
And all along the gladsome way he flings
The roses red and lilies white and points
To starry heights that beacon on and on.

And when our lips are dumb with grief and pain
The blossoms whisper of a sunbright land
Where amaranths are always in full bloom.
O child of earth, weave garlands from the flowers
That haunt the dells and spring beneath thy feet,
Cull buds and scatter them with lavish hand,
Make bright the darkened hearts and homes below.
Upon this ministry of kindly love
The holy ones will smile, and every smile
Will form a star that in your crown will shine
Through all the ages of eternity.

THE INFINITE

A SONG — and yet no words !
A wordless song and yet so clear !
It seems unlike a song ;
For God is in that song,—
His care for tiny birds.

A sob — and yet no cry !
A voiceless woe — and yet so deep !
It seems unlike a woe ;
For God is in that woe,—
He knows what 't is to die.

A dream — and yet no sleep !
A waking dream — and yet so sweet !
It seems unlike a dream ;
For God is in that dream,—
His power to hold and keep.

JULY

THE air is tremulous with life
And summer heat.

It is a month of noonday dreams.

The pulses beat
Like sparkling waves upon a shore
Of pearly shells,
The mountains smile at what the sea
With laughter tells.

The fragrance from a thousand flowers
Is wafted near,

The twitter of the bobolink

Falls on the ear,

The passing cloud is fleecy white
And casts no shade,

The Orient sky has colors rich
In beauty laid.

When summer joys intoxicate

Like sparkling wine,

Remember this in all the years

That may be thine,

July is but a shimmering gleam

Through portals wide

Of love in all its sweetness here,
Intensified.

COURAGE

NO use to sit down by the willows,
To sigh over woe and wrong ;
For sighing will never give victory,
Will never inspire a song.

No use to join hands with the mournful,
No use o'er a blow to weep,
'T is better to hope and be cheerful,
To smile though the wound be deep.

Arise and be filled with the Spirit,
A love may be ever thine
That will cover mistakes and weakness,
And give thee a power divine.

Go forth to thy work with new courage,
With never a thought of fear ;
The Strength of all strength is for thee,
The King of all kings is near.

Right here may the heavens be opened,
And angels of light descend ;
'T is after the showers the rainbows
To earth in their beauty bend.

SOLITUDE

WE live our lives alone
Before a lofty throne ;
No friend, however dear,
However loved and near,
Can walk with us below,
And all our motives know ;
Each soul must live apart
From every other heart.

In solitude our ways
Are but a tangled maze,
But lo, a Hand is there,
A Voice that says, "Beware."
In solitude we think
Strange thoughts that make us shrink
In wonder and in awe
Before God's holy law.

'T is sad to be alone
When self is on the throne,
For phantoms of the past
Go gliding by so fast,
We shudder in the gloom
At what may be our doom.
'T is sweet to be alone
When Christ is on the throne.

No human voice can still
Life's restlessness, or fill

The chambers of the heart
That closed remain—apart.
'T is only God who knows
That which we ne'er disclose,
And he alone can bless,
And give true happiness.

“HAD I ONLY KNOWN”

“HAD I only known,” is the mournful cry
From a thousand trembling lips,
Like a wail it comes o’er the sea of life,
From a thousand sinking ships.

“Had I only known” in the early days,
In the days of burdens light,
I ’d never have made the mistakes I ’ve made
In the shadows of the night.

“Had I only known” of the bitterness
Of the dregs of gall I drink,
I ’d never have taken the cup in hand,
From the chain would have dropped a link.

“Had I only known,” and “I might have known,”
Are the saddest words of all,
Oh the weary days in the wilderness
And the things beyond recall.

But the veil is rent, and we all may know
That the judgments dire of men
Are as naught before the great bar of God,
It is there, — not now, but then.

SUCH A LITTLE WHILE

SUCH a little while
And barriers mountain high may intervene
'Twixt us and those we love, I ween,
And yet we onward go
And often wound their heart-strings till they bleed ;
And smile a scornful smile, and ne'er give heed
Though tears like rivers flow.

Such a little while,
And then the silver cord will lose its hold,
The bowl be broken at the fountain cold,
Too late to bend the will,
And then alas, regret will find a place
To carve its sorrow on a pallid face,
When all is lifeless, still.

Such a little while,
And lo, our view will broaden out and change,
Others appear as seen at wider range,
And we upon the brink
Of some steep precipice will shrink away
Trembling that we had dared so long to stay,
Yea, trembling as we think.

Such a little while,
It will not pay, like Pharisee of old,
To gather up my garment's heavy fold,
And say, "'t is not for me
To humble my proud heart, to plead, 'forgive'
And let us henceforth nobly, truly live
As for eternity."

NEVER AGAIN

NEVER again will the days come back
When I chased the butterflies;
Never again will my youth return
With its sunny summer skies.

Never again will I go to school
In the house remembered well;
Never again will the pupils throng
At the ringing of the bell.

Never again will I see my own
On the old tree-shaded place;
Never again will mother be there
With a smile upon her face.

Never again, but oh there is much
I am glad is lost in pain,
The anguish keen of that death-bed scene
Can never come back again.

Never again, for our King will come
And His throne will be below.
Never again through the endless years
Will we wear the badge of woe.

STARS

YE stars of light in heaven,
How brilliantly ye shine,
And, oh, what wondrous glory,
What heights on heights are thine !

And this we know, though mortal,
A lesson we may learn
From those bright lamps above us —
The stars that glow and burn.

The golden gleams of glory
Will ne'er, no, ne'er grow dim —
The stars of our rejoicing —
If we but work for Him.

Aye, work for Christ the Master
With willing heart and hand,
And shine at length forever
In that bright promised land.

BLIND BARTIMÆUS

UPON fair Jordan's wide-extending plains,
In olden times a stately city stood
Mid waving palms, while through its gates rolled wealth
And power. Earth's cup of joy is ne'er so full
That sorrow hath no place and even there
In Jericho, were marks of woe. Beside
The way one sat for whom the golden sun
No beauty shed, the peaceful moon no rays
Of mellow light. No blade of tender grass,
No budding tree, no opening flower, no dawn
Of morn had charms to cheer his heart, for he
Was blind, yea, poor and blind and forced to beg
His daily food. Those dull white orbs upturned,
Ne'er saw the glory of the earth and sky,—
Poor sightless orbs! But hark! upon the ear
A long, low murmur falls,— the far-off sound
Of human voices and the tramp of feet
Like murmurings of the sea, and then is heard
The thrilling shout, "Lo, Jesus passeth by."
Trembling and pale, the beggar clasps his hands
In fervent prayer, as that blest name he hears
For long his heart had yearned that he might see
The Light of Life: and this makes all his soul
Grow wild and faint with struggling hope and fear.
And from his lips breaks forth the eager cry
"O Jesus, Son of David, mercy show!"
Though checked and censured by the crowd, he cries
The more, for in his hand e'en like a thread
Of gold, salvation lies, and shall he let

It go? Ah, no: "O Jesus, mercy show!"
He hears! the Saviour hears! and drawing nigh,
With lifted hands breathes these most precious words,
"Thy faith hath made thee whole." Oh, words of power!
Oh, words of tender love! The long, long night
Uplifts its gloomy shadows from the soul,
And lo, the blind one looks upon the face
Of nature, and beholds with beaming eyes
The rich, green foliage of the olive groves,
The palms, the sparkling waters, clouds and sky,
The dim long outlines of his native hills,
And all the varied scenes of this fair world;
But none of these can hold his gaze. With eyes
Suffused with tears to Him who by His word
Hath wrought this wondrous change he turns
And follows in the train of earth's great King,
A willing captive bound by cords of love.

BE OF GOOD CHEER

YOU 'VE heard the thunder pealing
Where lilies grow,
You 've seen the lightning flashing
Where once the bow
Of many hues was bending,
And well you know
Darkness precedes the sun-gleams.
'T is change below,
Now weal, now woe.

But all is well, O pilgrim,
Yea, all is best,
If in the Master's keeping
The soul finds rest.
The grief, the loss, the sorrow, —
All, all are known
To Him who o'er the star-beams
Sits on His throne,
And hears each groan.

The changeless soon is coming,
Be brave, O heart.
The pain that 's like a dagger
Will soon depart.
O soul, take up thy burden,
Thy Strength is near ;
Gladness beyond all day-dreams
Will soon be here !
Be of good cheer.

THE THREAD OF GOLD

A WEAVER sat at his loom and wrought
A web that entranced the eye
He caught the flush of the purple hills,
He caught the tints of the sky,

He twined the leaves into graceful wreaths,
The brooks and the birds were there,
The solemn hush of the forest trees
The lilies and roses fair.

A poet's dream was that web divine
With a single golden thread
Which came and went with a subtle glow
Like a flame with beauty fed.

We all are weaving from morn till night
With fever of heart and brain ;
Some weave with laughter upon their lips
Some weave with touches of pain.

And what the web that our hands shall weave ?
Aye, what shall the pattern be ?
Ask of the whispering winds that blow
From over a shoreless sea.

The thread of gold is a thread of love,
Sunbright as the pulseless air.
Oh weave that thread with a careful hand
Till beauty is everywhere.

THE SONG OF LIFE

LIFE is a song, tender and low —
Baby on breast, —
Prelude of joy, thrilling the heart, —
Lullaby, rest.

Life is a song, merry and wild,
Sung in a day, —
Chorus of fun, innocent glee,
Laughter and play.

Life is a song, rhythmic and sweet,
Love is its tune, —
Treble and bass blended in one,
Perfect as June.

Life is a song, solemn and sad —
Music most slow, —
Death plays the harp when it is eve,
Anthem of woe.

Life is a song, sing it with smiles,
Sing it with tears,
Earnestly sing, prayerfully sing,
Sing through the years.

Sing for the poor, sing for the sick,
Sing for the sad,
Sing till some heart catching the tune
Groweth more glad.

What if the song floateth away
 Into the air?
What if the grave holds in its arms
 All we deem fair.

Lips that are dust once more will sing,
 “Praise ye the Lord.”
Jubilee songs once more will ring,
 “Glory to God.”

HEART-SOBS

THERE'S a sob in some heart to-night,
A sob for the days gone by,
There's a sob for a love that's dead,
A sob, a tear, and a sigh.

There's a sob for the vanished past,
Its sweetness, its joy, its pain,
There's a sob for the "might have been," —
That never can be again.

There's a sob for a heartless world,
A world that's by sin enslaved,
And a sob for the hearts that break,
For souls that drift on unsaved.

There's a sob for the gates of home,
A sob and a yearning cry,
For a love that's unchanging, pure,
A love that can never die.

For 't is love that the great world needs,
A love that is tender, true,
And 't is found in the Crucified,
The Saviour who died for you.

A THOUGHT

IN the golden flush of twilight,
Or the silent hush of night,
Like a vesper hymn of gladness
Or a vision pure and bright,
There may come a thought so thrilling
That the soul is lifted high,
And the gates of heaven swing open,
And an angel throng draws nigh.

While the thought, with wings of beauty,
Like a bird of flight and song,
Soars away afar in triumph
O'er a world of woe and wrong;
And the heart grows light and happy;
For the thought that 's from the Lord
On a mission goes of glory,
And will gather souls for God.

CAREFUL FOR NOTHING

MY care was laid long, long ago
Upon a loving Friend.
He bears it now with willing hand,
He 'll bear it to the end.
He is so kind,
In Him I find,
The sympathy I need each day,
He is my staff, my help, my stay.

His tender care is round about
His fold and all within.
My Saviour long and long ago
Forgave my every sin.
And He will keep
Watch o'er His sheep.
Why should I care with anxious thought?
My freedom with His blood was bought.

KEEP ME, O GOD

THE fishermen in days of old
In Brittany, so we are told,
When launching out against the tide,
Were wont to pray,
“Keep me, O God,
My boat is small, Thy ocean wide,
Keep me, O God.”

How wise that prayer ! And may not we
While journeying toward eternity,
Yea, every day and every hour,
Look up and pray,
“Keep me, O God,
My boat is small, Thy ocean wide,
Keep me, O God ? ”

I am so helpless, Lord, so weak ;
The winds of life are cold and bleak,
The waves are high, the waters deep ;
O hear me pray,
“Keep me, O God,
My boat is small, Thy ocean wide,
Keep me, O God.”

RAPTURE

THE sunshine warm and glowing falls
In every place ;
I feel its bright and tender rays
Upon my face.
My heart is like a warbling bird,
As light and free ;
My pulses thrill with prophecies
Of things to be.

The bursting buds, the springing grass,
The balmy air,
Bring summer thoughts, while summer sounds
Are everywhere.
Let others chant a dirge of life
In mournful key ;
My song to-day shall prelude forth
A jubilee.

And why, think ye, the soul reveals
Its inner light ?
Ask why the stars with glory tinge
The dreamy night.
The depths are deep ; this life is more
Than doth appear ;
In tangled wilds are bird songs sweet
That reach no ear.

As waters kiss the sandy beach
Adown the bay,

Then turn with silent, shining face
 And glide away,
So tides of time both ebb and flow
 With gentle swell ;
But whence their sparkle and their gleam ?
 Ah, who can tell ?

' T is well to let the warmth and glow
 That dwell within
Shine forth upon a world of woe
 And want and sin ;
The highest rapture, noble, pure,
 Is from above ;
The sweetest joy the heart can know
 Is born of love.

THAT WHICH IS LEFT

IS life to thee, O soul bereft,
A burden and a pain ?
There 's help and strength
And peace at length,
For joy will come again ;
Take hold of that which still is left.

“ But what is left ! ” you ask with tears,
“ The fever and the frost,
The jarring sounds,
The word that wounds
I would were ever lost ;
But they remain through long, long years.”

Ah no, dear soul, not here, not there
Can aught that grieves remain ;
If all the heart
Becomes a part
Of heaven's own glad refrain,
Then there 's no place for dark despair.

That which is left is brighter far
Than gold-begotten skies ;
When hope swings low
Its shining bow,
And crowns the truly wise,
Then life becomes a gleaming star.

The upper glory will appear,
The noon-birds sing once more :
If in the Lord
You find your God,
He will your soul restore ;
And lo, His coming draweth near.

CHANGES

LIKE ships driven out in the darkness,
Like vapor upon the hills,
Like snowflakes dispersed by the whirlwind,
Like sand carried down by the rills,
Are changes that come in this earth-life,—
Unstable is all below,—
Like tides swirling over the pebbles
With a ceaseless ebb and flow.

What causeth the growth in the lilies?
'T is rain as well as the sun,
'T is change that develops and strengthens
The soul in work that is done;
Rise eagerly then from low levels
To thoughts that are nobly grand,
Move swiftly to generous service,
And let every power expand.

Mutations of earth and of spirit
But drive us to God and rest,—
To our Father, abiding forever,
In love that is manifest.
To trust and submit is the lesson,
Though shaken by grief and pain,
And beautiful, changeless, eternal,
Are things that to us remain.

SHELLS

I SIT and look at the shells on my mantel
Reflecting the rays of light —
The pearl, the crimson and green intermingled —
A beautiful, wondrous sight.
They came from depths, from the depths of an ocean
Afar, by an Eastern land.
With seaweed tossed by the waves they were stranded
And left on the burning sand.

What hands have touched and what fingers have handled
These shells I shall never know.
The gleam of skies that are soft in their beauty
I see in their silvery glow.
I dream of years that are past and a household
That 's left like a shell behind.
I think of days that were bright with the presence
Of father and mother kind.

The shells now seem like the gates of a city
With pavements of shining gold.
The gates lift up and the waves of their glory
The ruins of earth enfold.
O shells of pearl with thy hues like a rainbow !
This lesson comes home to me :
My heart and life may reflect a beauty
That others with joy may see.

SICKNESS

IN weakness held by hands unseen,
You struggle to be strong,
And vainly strive to rise, to work,
To mingle with the throng.

Like ghosts the vanished years arise,
To haunt each passing hour,
They lift to you their spectral hands
And boast of wasted power.

Dear heart, have faith, look up, be brave
And calmly bide the day
When like the mists upon the hills
Your pain will pass away.

The flowers speak of summer days,
Of hope and strength anew,
Of One who cares for all below
And has a love for you.

That love will waken in your soul
A life to onward flow
Until you stand in Him complete
Unending life to know.

NO NEED TO WORRY

NO longer will I hold and wear
This heavy garb of anxious care ;
It binds my soul, retards my feet,
And keeps me from the mercy-seat ;
I 'll no more worry night or day,
There 's safety in the King's highway.

'T is Jesus bids me take no thought,
His blood my heavy burdens bought :
He guides the sparrow on the wing,
His Spirit makes my sad heart sing ;
I 'll no more worry night or day,
There 's safety in the King's highway.

He clothes the lily of the vale,
He calms the fury of the gale,
He holds the waters in His hand,
And checks the tide with gates of sand ;
I 'll no more worry night or day,
There 's safety in the King's highway.

When hearts are cleansed, no need to fear,
Ten thousand angels strong are near ;
No condemnation mars the peace
When Christ from sin gives glad release ;
I 'll no more worry night or day,
There 's safety in the King's highway.

I 'll bury in oblivion deep
The things which made my proud heart weep ;
Christ will perfect what He 's begun,
I see by faith the victory won ;
I 'll no more worry night or day,
There 's safety in the King's highway.

NOBODY CARES

N**O**BODY cares when I come or I go,
Nobody cares for my joy or my woe —
Terrible words from a heart all alone,
Terrible words from a heart turned to stone.
 Nobody cares for me.

Nobody cares, is the suicide's cry,
Nobody cares if I live or I die —
Terrible words, all wretchedness there,
Terrible words of a soul in despair,
 Nobody cares for me.

Nobody cares, is a lie, base and bold,
Nobody cares, by the devil was told —
Terrible words, yet untrue to the core,
Terrible words, O repeat them no more,
 Somebody cares for you.

Somebody cares in the heavens above,
Somebody cares, for Jesus is love,
Beautiful words, O sin-sick and sad,
Beautiful words, list, O soul, and be glad,
 Somebody cares for you.

GOD'S CARE

TEN thousand birds are circling,
Like cloudlets in the air,
And to their nests are hastening,
Lest enemies are there.

And thus the Lord is watching
His children here below,
Protecting, loving, caring,
That naught may overthrow.

Yea, hovering o'er His people,
As song-birds o'er a nest,
He gives the sweet assurance
Of safety, home, and rest.

Defending and delivering,
O mighty Saviour mine,
Preserving from all evil,
The glory all is Thine.

SOMEBODY CARES

IT 'S an awful thought that nobody cares
When the heart is wrapped in gloom,
That nobody cares when the soul aghast
Is facing the dreary tomb.
Somebody cares, the birds are singing,
Somebody cares the bells are ringing,
Somebody cares for you.

If nobody cared, thy soul adrift
Would be lost, a homeless dove;
But somebody cares, the blood-stained cross
Is a pledge of wondrous love.
Somebody cares, the stars are flashing,
Somebody cares, the waves are dashing,
Somebody cares for you.

'T is a restful thought that somebody cares,
Mid the whirl and rush of life,
That somebody cares when in bitterness,
There are tears and pain and strife,
Somebody cares, it is no dreaming,
Somebody cares, it is no seeming,
Somebody cares for you.

TO AN AGED FRIEND

THRESCORE and ten thy years to-day
And perchance more,
And yet thy smile is still the smile
Of days of yore,
Time's hand has lightly touched thy brow
With lines of care,
And as he touched he whispered, "Peace,"
And stamped it there.

Think not thy usefulness is o'er
Thy work all done,
The clouds are radiant with light
At set of sun,
The busy days of other years
In beauty shine
Like rainbows in the sky of life,
And all are thine.

From Beulah Land the breezes blow
And scent the air;
The Rose of Sharon to the soul
Is wondrous fair.
As forest birds pour forth their songs
Within their nest,
So aged hearts can sweetly sing,
And singing rest.

A BOOK-MARK

A BIT of ribbon of the hue
Of summer sky,
And of the birds of azure wing
That upward fly.

A mark to help the reader keep
In memory long
The story that so thrilled his soul,
The treasured song.

And marks are we in that great book
That all must read;
And where we guide the careless eye
'T is well to heed.

O let us pause where noble thoughts
The page illumine;
Where song-flowers sweet, like lilies white
Burst into bloom.

So shall we lead the reader on —
Old age and youth —
To pictured scenes of light and love,
To words of truth.

FATHER KNOWETH

FATHER knoweth, yea, He knoweth,
Knoweth all the pain,
All the weary hours of labor
That seem spent in vain ;
And He knoweth all the heartaches,—
Longings unexpressed,
All the unattained desires
And the need of rest.

Father knoweth, Father knoweth,
Tender words and sweet,
Loving answer from high Heaven,
From the mercy-seat ;
Every temporal need He knoweth,
Disappointments keen,
All the wearing, vexing trials
Father dear hath seen.

Father knoweth, yea, He knoweth,
Lift thy hand to Him ;
He will clasp it, gently hold it
Through earth's twilight dim ;
Father knoweth and He feeleth
All His children's woe,
And His heart is filled with pity
For His loved below.

A GARDEN FESTIVAL

'T IS more than a dash of fancy —
The science of color-sound —
The flowers are set to music,
If only the key is found ;
Our ears are so dull of hearing
We catch but the chords in part,
But they are there in their beauty
Appealing to the heart.

List now to the garden chorus —
An orchestra is there —
The notes are soft and dreamy
That float upon the air.
The callas of stately beauty
The lilies of scarlet hue
Are mingling their cornet-echoes
With chimes from bells of blue.

The forget-me-nots are singing
A song of long ago,
The air is full of music
Of roses in their glow.
The vines are the harps of robins,
Peonies catch the tune,
And the sun-flowers gay are chanting
An anthem to the moon.

The drums that the bees are beating
Hollyhocks hold in hand,

The snap-dragons are the fifers
Of this bright floral band,
The balsams and pinks and violets
Attune in sweet accord
And every blossom vibrates
With praises to the Lord.

FOR ME

FOR me the Saviour died ;
In His dear name
I come to God in faith,
And pardon claim.

For me He hath a care,
No ill I fear.
In every time of need
The Lord is near.

I feel His love within,
So full, so sweet.
Along the path of life
He guides my feet.

For me He hath prepared
A mansion fair
A crown He hath reserved
For me to wear.

GOD'S WAYS ARE JUST

GOD'S ways are just,
Though human eyes oft fail
To see behind
The irritating dust
That rises with each gale —
Fail hope to find.

God's ways with men
Are just and always right,
'T is faith we need,
Not human ken.
Much work is now in sight,
Truth is life's seed.

Ours 't is to sow
That heavenly seed with care;
For soon the Lord
We 'll see and know,
And love be everywhere —
The love of God.

God's ways are just.
With us it lies to start
For higher ground;
Then from the dust
A ray of light will dart,
And peace be found.

THE ROBBER CHIEF

A LEGEND

'T WAS midnight in the Nile's fair land. The moon
Shone o'er the vale with all the mild soft light
That marks an eve in Oriental climes.
The desert gleamed afar like bands of gold
Around an emerald stone. The great highway
Wound in and out among the trees within
The pastures green. Along the beaten path
Two travelers moved as tho' from far away, —
The one, a gentle woman with a babe,
Upon a patient beast of burden sat,
While by its side the other walked. The trees
Cast shadows weird and dark across the road,
And not a sound fell on the ear. At length
The pilgrims neared a rocky range of hills,
A well-known haunt of robbers, fierce and bold —
No trace of fear upon those faces calm.
They journeyed on with trusting hearts, as if
They knew a guard was stationed by their side.
When near the cave dark forms upon the cliffs
Appeared, and forth a robber stepped, who seemed
To lead the band. With haughty tones he bade
The travelers halt. The babe awoke and as
The chieftain caught its eye, it smiled and waved
Its little hands. A rustling sound as if
Of wings, a flash of light, and all the air
Seemed filled with unseen forms. The robber paused,
And once again the baby smiled, and held

Its hands out to the chief, who stooping down
Impressed a kiss upon its guileless lips,
Then sternly bade his band depart and let
The pilgrims go their way.

Long years passed by,
A preacher stood before a listening throng
And never man before had spoken words
So simple and so plain. As mighty oaks
Are swayed by sweeping winds, so were those hearts
Moved to and fro, responsive to his thoughts.
He spake of things to come — a kingdom fair,
Beyond the realm of death, a King whose love
Should rule the earth, an endless life where toil
And care and woe would never vex the soul.
Among the throng who drank his words, as men
Athirst drink water from a sparkling spring
Was one whose heart was touched and thrilled with strange
Familiar feelings fraught with power. What was
The memory that so wrought upon his soul?
What but the picture of a midnight scene
Long, long ago. He saw the same sweet smile
And felt the same blest influence as of yore.
Had he not kissed those lips? And should he not
Now listen to their burning words of truth?

The days passed on, as clouds sail o'er the sky,
The robber, careless grown, shunned not arrest,
But calmly waited for his doom, content
To take what man should give him for his crimes —
And men ofttimes are cruel in their power.

Suspended on a cross 'twixt earth and heaven
The chief was hung, to suffer pain untold,
In sweat and blood, to feel the chain give way,
The golden chain of life. But not alone,
Close by his side another cross was placed
And on it hung a well-known form, the form
Of One whose words had wakened noble thoughts,
The One whose lips when but a babe had touched
His own. His months and years of crime came back
With crushing force, and as he watched the One
Upon his left, and marked His kingly mien,
His kind and patient look, and read the words
Upon his cross, the thought came to his mind:
This man is Christ, and with a mighty, wild
Despairing cry, came forth the words, "O Lord,
O Lord, remember me when Thou shalt reign —
Remember me." And lo, the sufferer turned
And looked upon the chief with that same look
That in the days of yore had stirred his soul.
And from His lips the gracious promise came,
The promise of a life beyond earth's woe,
The promise of a share in that glad reign
When all the saints shall reign with Him as King.
O ye who speak the Word, forget not this:
It often lingers in the mind for years
And years, and then comes to the light like seed
Long sown. The Spirit of the One who hung
Upon the cross works through His children now,
And sends the truth to troubled souls, with all
Its old-time force and peace and holy power.

A HEART CRY

I LOOK at the face on the mantel,
The portrait of one that is gone,—
My mother now sleeping in silence,
Awaiting the dawn of earth's morn.

A watch in a case o'er the fireplace
No longer is ticking the time ;
For time is no more to its owner,
Stricken down in the strength of his prime.

I think of the loved in the graveyard,
The mounds that are green in the spring ;
I think of a time that is coming
And what to my heart it will bring.

The faces now only in shadow,
Will lighten with joy in that day ;
O father and mother and brother !
Eternity, always for aye.

TREASURES OF DARKNESS

IN the dimness of the darkness,
In the keeping of the years,
There 's a wretched sense of weakness,
There are spaces filled with tears ;

And the searchlight of God's goodness
Keeps revealing more and more
All the selfishness and soul-sins
That are crouching at life's door.

But to those who walk in meekness,
Though the promised light be pale,
There will come a great uplifting,
And a strength that ne'er will fail.

There are treasures in the darkness,
And the even-tide will wane,
Through the shadows God is working,
Not forever is life's pain.

All the riches of high places
God will give unto His own,
Through the blinding mists of ages
Light is gleaming from the throne.

THE SONG OF STARS

IN the early dawn — creation's morn,—
When the Lord the corner-stone laid
Of this living world, in floods of light,
And its wonderful beauty made;
Then the sons of God — the morning stars,
And the sky, the sea, and the land
Struck a mighty note of harmony
In an overture sweet and grand.

But a harpstring snapped — an awful pause —
And the world was all out of tune.
For the faulty note made a rasping sound
Like the clash of fife or bassoon;
Now the pandemonium is wild
That the music of sin awakes,
'T is a maddening play on passions fierce
That the devil's sonata makes.

But a tender voice runs up and down
The long gamut of discord dire,
And the solo, Love, sung here and there,
Is touched on a heavenly lyre;
And the song of stars will ring again
In a cadence complete and full
Through a world redeemed and purified
By the gospel beautiful.

DIVINE PERCEPTION

OH for a sympathy to feel
The sorrow unexpressed;
Oh for a heart to understand
The troubled soul's unrest.

Some seek to hide their pain away,
And, like a wounded bird,
Find shelter in the darkness deep
Where not a groan is heard.

But Christ, with quick discernment keen,
Saw 'neath the thin veneer
Of smiles, and seeming carelessness,
The heartache and the tear,

And to the worn and weary soul
He spoke life-words most sweet,
And in His love and pity healed
Those whom He chanced to meet.

And so may we with wisdom seek
The ones who stand apart,
And soothe with kindly tenderness
The sorrows of the heart.

HOLD MY HAND

THERE is courage in Thy touch, Master, kind,
Greatness in Thy gentleness, Lord, I find ;
Through the dimness of the way,
Be my guide and be my stay,
When I 'm sad make me glad ;
Jesus, hold my hand.

In the watches of the night oft I feel
Dizzy faintness like a cloud o'er me steal,
And I lift my arm on high,
For I know the Helper nigh,
And I say as I pray :
Jesus, hold my hand.

Lord, the pathway of this life is so steep
That I falter as I look, and I weep,
And I tremble as I gaze
At the cross-roads in the maze.
This my prayer everywhere :
Jesus, hold my hand.

Let the glory of Thy truth shine through me,
Let my every thought, O Lord, be of Thee ;
For I long lost souls to win
From the pathway dark of sin.
I am weak, courage speak,
Jesus, hold my hand.

When the death-damp on my brow chills my heart,
Bid the terrors of that hour all depart,
Let the angels gather near,
Let me see them, Saviour dear ;
Give me rest, sweet and blest ;
Jesus, hold my hand.

IT TAKES BUT LITTLE

WE onward go in life's hurried rush,
And seldom stop with a solemn hush
To think how little to make one glad,
Alas, how little to make one sad.
Alas ! Alas !

A bitter word from the lips held dear,
A scornful smile — then a scalding tear,
And life has changed — the gold departed,
And one stands pale and broken-hearted,
Alas ! Alas !

It takes but little, O soul below,
To lift another from depths of woe,
The warm, close clasp of a friendly hand,
A smile from one we can understand.
O joy ! O joy !

It lifts the burden, the doubt, the fear,
It makes the far seem present and near,
It hope inspires, it buoys the soul,
And helps us attain to life's great goal.
Be kind ! Be kind !

TWO VISIONS

A VISION I see in my dreaming,
It follows me all the day,
It haunts me when sleeping and waking,—
A shadow across my way.
The vision has death for its background,
Its vista is dimmed with tears ;
It reaches far back to creation,
Yea, back through the weary years.

A vision I see in the distance,
It kindles my heart aglow,—
A gleam of a glorious morning,
With never a shade of woe.
The vision has life for its background,
Like sunrise over the sea ;
It reaches far into the future,—
Yea, into eternity.

BE BRAVE

O HEART so weak and selfish,
Fearful of pain,
This life is not all sadness,
And oft again
You 'll bask within the sunlight,
Though beating rain
May come to-day,
Be brave alway.

Beat back the clouds of darkness,
The drifting sand,
And struggle through the billows
To solid land :
So shall the palm of victory
Be in thy hand.
Be brave to-day,
Be brave alway.

FRIENDSHIP

AND what is friendship? Canst thou tell? 'T is not
A vortex deep and circling round to draw
Unto its bosom all the joy of life.
True friendship is an onward moving stream,
That gives from out its overflow a wealth
Of love. It is a plant whose root is twined
Around the solid rock of confidence.
It thrives in air that 's free from every cloud,
And must have perfect liberty. Its growth,
Though slow, is sure, perfecting day by day
A beauty all its own, a loveliness
E'en like the noble life of Him who had
On earth a chosen friend, and who thus blessed
The sacred tie. The friends of earth, though dear,
Should never be allowed to lead the heart
From God. True friends are those who seek to help
Those whom they love, and let not self intrude,
Or selfish ends be all their own. And should
The golden beauty of a bright ideal
Grow dim, 't is sad; for never can the mind
Again see colors quite so fair; but even then
'T is well to gather all the sunshine bright,
And scatter it with lavish hand o'er all
You hold most dear; for truth abides though flesh
Is weak, and human hearts are frail. The Friend
Who never proves untrue knows all our pain,
And stands with outstretched arms, waiting to reign
Within our hearts, the One supreme, the One
Before whom every knee shall bow, the One
To whom be praise and glory evermore.

LONELY HOURS

THESE hearts of ours are fickle, frail.
We think we know
Ourselves, but, ah, the trial comes—
We fail, and lo!
We stand aghast before the view
Our God reveals;
And yet the Word is plain and sure,—
He knows and feels.

We long for sympathy and love
From human lips,
We watch the setting sun
As low it dips
Down to the edge of yonder cloud,
And soon away,
The morning gone, the noontime past—
So like our day.

And yet these hearts, these human hearts
Cling to the earth.
We look around, the homestead stands—
Our place of birth—
And we are here, but loved ones gone;
And in our pain
We wring our hands and cry for them,
But cry in vain.

Our eyes must look far, far above;
Earth has no song

To comfort in the night of woe
 That seems so long ;
Our God must come and touch anew
 These hearts of ours
Before we know the meaning deep
 Of lonely hours.

DRIFT WOOD

I SIT by my hearth in the firelight
With my books and my thoughts alone,
I long for the lips that are silent,
For the voices of tender tone.

The flames are consuming the drift wood,
But the warmth and the ruddy glow
Are symbols of all that was blessed
When life had its overflow.

I think of the loved who are sleeping
Where no tumult disturbs their rest,
My heart gives a throb in its anguish
Like a bird that has lost its nest.

I think of the friends who are wandering
In the paths of the far away,
And memory is fitful and restless
Like the shadows at close of day.

O life with thy burden of drift wood,
With thy flame in its wildering glare,
Dispel with the fires of God's kindling
All the darkness that brings despair.

THE SHINING OF HIS FACE

WHEN I see the sunshine streaming
 O'er the hill and lea,
All my soul at once is dreaming
 And the light to me
Is from the King's Most Holy Place
And like the shining of His face.

When I see the starry ceiling
 Far above my head,
Then I feel like humbly kneeling,
 For the brightness shed
Is from the King's Most Holy Place
And like the shining of His face.

When I see the glad uplifting
 Of the eyes in prayer,
Then the soul no more is drifting,
 For the glory there
Is from the King's Most Holy Place
And like the shining of His face.

THE TWITTERING OF THE BIRDS

IN the morning by my window
In the Arborvitæ trees
There 's a sound of wings, and twittering
Floating inward with the breeze,
And the sound awakens memories —
Memories hid in chambers dim —
Where the doors are closed and fastened
And the silence dark and grim.

With the twittering comes a bird-call
And a song-note loud and clear.
'T is a robin that is singing
And his song is full of cheer.
List, for other sounds are mingling
In a chorus deep and full.
'T is a morning song of praises.
'T is an anthem worshipful.

RUINS

A WAY in the country a farmhouse stands
Battered by winds and rains,
With fireless chimneys and empty rooms,
Windows with broken panes.
The swallows twitter beneath the roof,
The barn is all askew,
The snakes inhabit the garden patch
Where once bright flowers grew.

The doors are unhinged and the sills are worn,
The ceilings crumbling down,
The closets are open, all their shelves
With dirt and age are brown.
The silence is awful, weird and strange,
No answering voice is there ;
Till fancy brings out of the cold dead past
A vision with fitful glare :

The house is again with a family filled,
The children frolic in glee,
The farmer sits by the fireplace bright
With baby upon his knee,
The busy wife is mending the socks,
The dog on the rug asleep,
The cat is chasing its tail the while
The maid is trying to sweep.

The scene has vanished and all is still,
The house is wrapt in gloom,

A musty odor pervades the air
Like vapor from out a tomb ;
The squirrels run races across the floors,
And cobwebs cover the walls,
The stairs are shattered that upward lead
From shadowy, dusty halls.

And thus is life with its changing scenes —
Desertion, death and woe —
Some hearts are like houses in ruins laid,
Dark shades of the long ago ;
But there is a mansion, a city fair,
Afar in the realms of light
And never in ruins will be the soul
That soars to that blissful height.

THE LOVE OF GOD

IF ever human love was tender,
Gentle, true and sweet,
Then infinitely more and greater
Is God's love, complete.

It blossoms in the snowy lilies,
Shines from every star,
And comes in waves of blessings holy
From the land afar.

It sings adown the long dim ages,
Touching hearts of stone ;
It calms the wild unrest and terror
Of the soul alone.

If ever human love was willing
To forbear, endure,
More infinitely kind and patient
Is God's love, secure.

It gleams across the wide, wild waters
Darkened by man's sin,
It whispers hope, when hope seems blasted ;
Gives new life within.

O Jesus, Saviour, full of pity,
Let Thy love divine
Be shed in waves of strength and beauty
Through this heart of mine.

BE GLAD AND HOPEFUL

THOUGH the winds blow cold and chilly
 Though the roses cease to bloom,
Though the trees stand bare and leafless,
 And the earth is clothed in gloom,

Yet we need not heed the tempest
 And the storm why should we fear?
We can gather round the hearthstone
 Where the flame is bright and clear.

'T is the mind that gilds or darkens,
 All the scenes along life's way.
We may walk beneath the shadow,
 Or within the light of day.

Let us then be glad and hopeful,
 Let us take the harp of praise,
Let us see the bits of beauty
 That encircle all our days.

OUT OF THE DARKNESS

OUT of the darkness comes a moan
Merging its anguish into a groan.
Weary the years in their solemn sweep,
Weary the hearts that in sorrow weep,
Weary, weary, weary.

Out of the darkness comes a cry :
" Help me, dear Saviour, or I die."
Hushed is the sob, for help is there ;
Gone is the pain, the dark despair,
Jesus, Jesus, Jesus.

Out of the darkness comes a song,
Sweet are its notes and loud and long,—
" Holy our King, holy the Lord,
Holy our Saviour, holy our God,
Holy, holy, holy."

THOU REMAINEST

ALL things are changing, O our God,
And waxing old,
The land is where the sea has been ;
And we behold
The nations rise and nations fall,
As was foretold ;
But Thou remainest.

We know our years are failing fast,
Our joys depart,
And sorrow comes with stealthy tread
To crush the heart ;
And something goes with every day
Out of our life,
And something comes to cut our pride
As with a knife ;
But Thou remainest.

Thou art the same, O changeless One,
Our hope, our stay ;
Abide with us, O mighty God,
To Thee we pray.
We know the bitterness of change
That brings forth tears,
But there 's a thought, a precious thought
That calms our fears —
'T is, *Thou remainest.*

THE WIND-SWEPT HARP

I N the land of Eastern story,
'Mong the castles old and grim
There are two that stand like mountains
In the twilight faint and dim.

From their walls all dark and gloomy
There are wires stretched with care,
Like the harp of some bold giant
Who has forced an entrance there.

When the South winds blow, no prelude
Of a harmony is heard,
For those rough, strong wires can never
By the breezes soft be stirred.

But when storms in all their fury
Sweep across that ar-off land
Then those wires respond in music
And the symphony is grand.

And 't is often thus, the heart-strings —
That strange harp that 's out of sight —
Not a note of praise are sounding
When the days are calm and bright,

But when trials come and sorrow
And the nights of pain are long,
Then the soul in faith looks upward
And there 's sweetness in the song.

THE VOICE OF THE SEA

UPON the beach the surges moan,
And deep and low their undertone ;
The tossing waves are rough and high ;
Of death they sing, for it is nigh.
O restless sea,
Ye speak to me !

Thy depths are fathomless below,
I hear thy sighs where'er I go ;
Thy voice is solemn, wailing, sad,
No note to make the lone heart glad.
O mournful sea,
Ye trouble me !

And yet from thee this truth I learn,
We cannot all God's ways discern,
For measureless His love and care
And wide and deep as sea and air.
O boundless sea,
Sing songs to me !

Thy tides may ebb, thy tides may flow,
And hearts may break with pain and woe ;
Yet God is good, and we may find
A power in Him to make us kind.
O surging sea,
Ye comfort me !

I stand upon thy sandy shore,
And watch the white gulls as they soar,
And feel my soul has snowy wings
To lift it far from sordid things.

O mighty sea,
Speak on to me !

THE LILIES OF GOD

IT was eve, and my heart was weary
With the taxing toil of day,
And it all seemed an utter failure
In the twilight cold and gray;
Like the peaks of the snowy mountains,
Standing dim against the sky,
Seemed the lives of the Lord's own people
Whom the Lord would glorify.

As I pondered with eyelids heavy,
The Spirit of God came near,
And His blessed presence banished
Every thought of doubt and fear;
And I looked, and a chain of beauty —
Precious links of gold most rare —
'Mid a bed of lilies was shining,
And the rain was falling there;

And I knew that the chain was Wisdom,
And its links the Word of God,
And the flowers the lives of Christians,
Rising pure above the sod;
And the Spirit then touched my eyelids,
And the light was sevenfold,
And all stains were washed from my garments,
And my timid heart made bold;

And I felt a breath on my forehead,
And I saw a tablet white,

And a pen was placed in my fingers,
And the Spirit bade me write,—
Yea, write for the heavy-laden,
The tempest-tossed within,
For the tired and weary-hearted,
For the sinner weak with sin.

And I looked, and the lilies were blooming
'Mid the mud and the filth below,
And one end of the chain was fastened
Where the heavens were all aglow,
And this lesson to me was given,
That the Lord will care for His own,
And my part is to do His bidding,
And to comfort the sad and lone.

THE PAST AND THE FUTURE

I see from my open window
A field I have often seen,
The field where in childhood I wandered,
Beyond it a forest of green.
I see the gray granite ledges
With never a blossom there,
But berries along their edges
I gathered for mother to share.

The scent of the pennyroyal
Is still in the summer air,
The choke-cherries' red, ripe splendor
Is fairest of all the fair.
The brook with its high banks sloping
Is singing of long ago,
O days of departed beauty,
As brief as the golden-rod's glow!

I see from my open Bible
A vision that 's just as true,
A vision that 's far more lovely
Than that which just met my view :
A vision of what is coming
When Jesus shall reign as King,
When sin is forever banished
And death with its awful sting.

Then why should I look with sadness
On things that recall the past ?

The things which are surely coming
Are things that will ever last.
The earth with its old-time beauty
Will blossom no more to fade,
Its light will be light forever,
Its glory will know no shade.

PROPHETIC

JANUARY 1, 1896

JUST before me is a shadow
And a weight of woe,
What it is that brings this burden
I would see and know,
But my eyes are held and blinded
And I sit and wait
As a mourner sits and watches
At an outer gate.

What is coming, tell, O tell me,
Heart of mine, be calm,
Stop that fearful, anxious flutter,
Take life's healing balm,
I can walk straight through the darkness
Trusting in the Lord,
I can drain the cup of suffering,
Help me, O my God.

It is well my life is shrouded,
Well I cannot see,
I will bide the time of trial,
Looking, Lord, to Thee.
Far beyond are brighter pictures
Which no shadows dim,
Christ, my hiding place in trouble,
I will trust in Him.

THE PICTURE ON THE WALL

AS I write I glance at a picture
I often have seen before —
A picture that 's near the ceiling
Beside my library door.
And, perchance, you 'd say, if you saw it,
" 'T is gray and lonesome and cold,"
For the view is that of a castle
With spires and battlements old.

The castle is far in the background
Enshrouded in deepest gloom,
Like a soul that has lost its bearings
Awaiting an awful doom.
Giant trees cast their dismal shadows
Away o'er the crusted ground,
While the moon is pale in its gleaming
Through clouds and darkness profound.

The picture is one to awaken
Vague dreams of a vanished past,
'T is a landscape seen in the winter,
Its sky is all overcast.
To the eye that sweeps the horizon
The outlines are dim and far,
Like infinity in their vastness,
Or the haze of a distant star.

Just under the eaves of the castle
A cottage is nestled low,

And a light shines forth from a window
And makes a path o'er the snow,
Revealing a brook that is frozen
In places, with gullies deep
Where water keeps on in its flowing,
Refusing to go to sleep.

Our lives are pictures in shadows,
But shadows have light beyond,
And why should we sit in the darkness
And why should the heart despond?
There are measureless stores of wisdom,
And fathomless depths of love,
There are mansions of wondrous beauty
In the light of God above.

THE SILENT CITY

DOWN by the river under the hill
There is a city, silent and still,
Houses of granite, marble, and earth,
Never a marriage, never a birth.

Quiet the people under the hill,
Never the sound of a rattling mill ;
Heads never ache in the houses there,
Faded the flowers that the inmates wear.

Kingdoms may rise and kingdoms may fall,
War and the rumor of wars appall !
But in that city under the hill
All are at rest, silent and still.

Morning is coming, coming ere long
When from that city a mighty throng
Up at the sound of a King's command
Up will arise from their beds and stand,

Stand in the beauty of purity,
Saved for a long eternity,
Though they now sleep down under the hill
There in a city, quiet and still.

RECIPROCITY

THE moon looks down on the silvery lake
And the lake sends back the glow,
The brook speeds on to the river wide
And they mingle as they flow.
The mother smiles on her cooing babe,
And the smile is mirrored there,
The sunbeams rest on the willing earth
And it blooms with flowers rare.

The heart responds to a heartfelt love,
Else the love is spent in vain,
Alas the heart that is caught in the net
Of a love that is but pain,
But joy, oh joy, when an answering chord
In responsive rapture thrills,—
Thus God's great love will a strength impart
To the heart of him it fills.

BEAUTY

IN the beauty of the morning —
 Quiet, calm, and still —
When the dew is on the grass-tops,
 Sunshine on the hill ;
Then it is my lips are singing
 Of the splendor bright
That is seen in bird and flower
 And in rays of light.

In the beauty of the noonday
 When the sun is high,
Not a cloud to dim its shining
 There before my eye ;
Then it is my mind is musing
 On the things unseen,
And the world seems full of glory,
 Naught to intervene.

In the beauty of the evening
 When the day is done,
And I think of that sure record
 When life's race is run ;
Then it is my soul keeps trusting
 In the Lord divine,
And the beauty of His goodness
 Fills this heart of mine.

A WOUNDED SPIRIT

A WOUNDED spirit, what is worse ?
No sorrow like the pain
That turns life's sweetness into gall
And strikes with fire the brain ;
That changes songs into a sigh,
And serpents makes of flowers,
That turns the day to Stygian night,
And stains with tears the hours.

The heart that 's crushed by those it loves,
Yea, loves in spite of loss,
Has found Gethsemane of old,
Has found the cruel cross.
O stricken, wounded one of earth,
In part ye only know ;
For all your pain combined was borne
By Jesus long ago.

" Jerusalem ! Jerusalem !
O thou that killest mine,
How oft in loving tenderness
Would I have gathered thine,
I would, but ye would not, would not,"
O hear that mournful cry !
Ingratitude broke Jesus' heart,
Repulsion made Him die.

O ye who bear the Saviour's name,
Be tender, loving, kind ;

And though your heart is mournful, sore,
And naught that 's true you find,
Wrap not the robes of selfishness
About your own great need ;
Bind up the wounds of other hearts,
Break not the bruised reed.

WHAT IS THE USE?

O WHAT is the use to look forlorn?
O what is the use to groan
O'er the sins of the world and the woes of the earth?
And what is the use to moan
When the flowers all drop their leaves?
It is better by far to smile,
For the heart of the mortal who sits and grieves,
Grows selfish and hard the while.

And what if the days are cold and dark,
And the life is full of fear?
Will the wailing and sighing bring warmth and give light,
Or help you at all, my dear?
When the winter has spent its blast,
Then the coldness will pass away;
When the star of the morning shines o'er the earth,
Then we know it is almost day.

O what is the use to be crying?
O what is the use to groan?
You can comfort some heart when your face is aglow.
O what is the use to moan?
If the world is wicked, and vile
As the scum on a stagnant sea
Let your conduct and words and bright sunny smile
Give promise of what shall be.

LIFE'S GOLD

LIKE a solemn warning knell
Glide the years away ;
Seems but yesterday
I was young ;
What a story I could tell
To the silent moon,—
Sickness, death, and gloom,
Things that stung.

Like a ringing, joyful bell
Comes the query sweet
O'er the bending wheat,—
Why be sad ?
What a story I could tell
To the lilies white,
Star-gleams, days of light,
Hearts made glad.

Like a softly singing shell
Laid against the ear,
Gathering all that 's dear
There to hold,
Is the story I will tell
To the hearts that weep ;
Thus my heart will keep
All life's gold.

FUTURITY

THERE are depths in the surging, foaming sea
That no fathom line can sound ;
There are stars in the far-off azure sky
That no mortal eye hath found.

There are thoughts in the restless mind of man
That no language can express ;
There are dreams in the quiet hours of night
That are more than happiness.

There are prints in the shifting sands of time,
There are signs of changes grand ;
There are flashes of light in the gloomy night,
There are signals on ev'ry hand.

We may strive in our frailty here to grasp
What the future has in store,
But the heights and the depths, the thoughts and dreams,
Are a part of the evermore.

Though the East and the West are far away,
And the shadows dark and deep,
Yet the Shepherd in love has kindly care
For His dazed and bewildered sheep.

THAT CUTTING WORD

IT came like a flash from a summer sky
It sank in a heart like a leaden die;
The impress was made like a brand of fire,
A livid mark from a living wire.

And no one will know the bitter tears
Or the homesick cry adown the years;
Be careful, soul, of the words you speak,
For the time is short, and the flesh is weak.

BE STRONG IN GOD

WHEN thy heart is like an aspen
Trembling in the breeze,
And naught seems its restless yearnings
Ever to appease;
Then, O soul, arise, be strong,
List, and catch the victor's song —
Be strong in God.

When thy friends seem cold and distant,
Not a word of cheer
Falling like a strain of music
On the listening ear;
Then, O soul, arise, be strong,
List, and catch the victor's song —
Be strong in God.

Cast the weakness of thy nature,
Cast it all aside,
Send thy selfish thoughts and feelings
Outward with the tide;
Then, O soul, arise, be strong,
List, and sing the victor's song —
Be strong in God.

What if sunlight has departed
With its warmth and glow,
What if floods have made wild havoc
In their overflow;

Then, O soul, arise, be strong,
List, and catch the victor's song —
Be strong in God.

What will matter in the ending,
When the conflict's o'er?
Things that trouble now will trouble
Never, nevermore.
Then, O soul, arise, be strong,
List, and catch the victor's song —
Be strong in God.

IN THE GLIMMER OF THE SHADOWS

IN the glimmer of the shadows
Dancing on my library floor
There are volumes all unwritten,
Truths of grandeur held in store ;
Though the book-lined shelves are heavy
With the works of great in thought,
Yet the humble patient toiler
Knows there 's more that may be wrought.

In the glimmer of the shadows,
In the beauty of the day,
There are poems bright with fancy,
Stories that the feelings sway ;
And they come and touch the heart-strings
Till they throb with joy and pain,
And the pen is made to picture
What is stamped upon the brain.

In the glimmer of the shadows
Of this earth-life, fitful, strange,
There are tears and wails and sighing,
There is darkness, there is change ;
But the beauty of a sunlight
That will know no shade of night
Soon will flood the world with glory.
God is everlasting light.

SOMETIMES

SOMETIMES, sometimes a trial comes,
That seemeth strange.
We think foundation-stones are sure,
And yet they change ;
And they will change, unless those stones
Are living stones,
All else will crumble 'neath life's tears,
Its sighs and groans.

Sometimes, alas, sometimes we lose
Our confidence
In what we thought was sure and true.
We question, Whence,
Aye, whence and why the blow that struck
And gave such pain ?
We ask the winds, and they reply :
" Ask not again."

Sometimes, O woe, a human hand
Seems pushing down,
Instead of pointing to the cross
And to the crown.
Sometimes a word would mean so much.
A loving look
Would find a record far on high
In God's own book.

Alas, for us, sometimes we judge,
We point the way

For other feet to walk, we mark
What others say ;
It is for us to patient be,
Yet oft we ail,
It is for us when seeing good
To cry, " All hail."

THE WALK TO EMMAUS

'T WAS a rugged road to a little town,
And the day far spent, and the sun nigh down,
That two men walked.
Those men were sad in that long ago,
Their hearts were crushed with an awful woe,
And thus they talked : —

“Lo, a king we loved, and had thought would reign
Has been crucified, and our hopes are slain.
Darkness o'er all !
We long to behold our Lord again,
Our grief has become an aching pain,—
Wormwood and gall.”

And beside them there, one they loved — unknown —
Conversed with them in a tender tone
And accents kind.
With quivering lip and tearful eye,
With many a fear and many a sigh,
They asked his mind.

And he told his thoughts, till their hearts were stirred,
And they felt the truth of the things they heard —
The words he said.
From prophecies he bade them see
That Christ must rise in victory,
Though He were dead.

Soon the journey o'er at the even-tide,
And the travelers plead, “Come, with us abide.
We long for light.”

He broke the bread, and when 't was blessed,
They knew their Lord, and lo, their Guest
Vanished from sight.

All the weariness and hunger gone,
With the news of hope to hearts forlorn
The hills they trod.
A story sweet was the tale they bore ;
Their lips repeated o'er and o'er,
“ Our risen Lord.”

As we read, our hearts with gladness burn,
And the lesson true for us to learn
Is love, not fear.
The Christ we know is the Christ of then —
The Light of Life, and the Life of men —
Our Saviour dear.

LIGHT BEYOND

THE crimson light of a sunset sky
I never see,
But sunny thoughts of a summer clime
Come home to me.
The earth grows dim with the fading day,
But softly gleams
A star of hope which is real and true
And not in dreams.

Like sunset clouds in their gorgeousness
Spread o'er the sky,
The rainbow hues of this earthly life
All fade and die.
But gladness comes with the morning light —
And morn will dawn —
For years ago in a manger stall
The Christ was born.

The hands we 've clasped in the long ago,
The lips we 've kissed,
The eyes that shone with a tender light,
The love we 've missed,
Are not like notes with a vanishing swell,
Or lights that wane,
But fragrant flowers gone out on the tide
To come again.

THE TREMOR OF TROUBLE

A MUSICIAN sat at his organ,
And his playing was perfect, in tune,
But the chords were as cold and unfeeling
As the rays of the dim, wintry moon ;
But when trouble came in like a whirlwind,
Then his fingers swept over the keys
With a light soulful touch and a pathos
Like the prayer of a saint on his knees.

The tremor of trouble gives sweetness
To whatever is born in the heart,
And its imprint is seen in the paintings
That are ranked as the noblest in art.
The pastor who reaches his people
Is the one who has tasted their woe
For eloquence only is ashes
Without comfort or warmth to bestow.

Then welcome the sorrow that cometh
Though it causeth the tear and the sigh,
It will soften and sweeten your nature,
'T will uplift and 't will purify.
On the top of the battlements golden
Are a host of the angels of light
Who will come when the heart is smitten
To banish the shadows of night.

THE BOW OF PROMISE

A RAINBOW round the throne I see,
It meaneth much to you and me,
The red is symbol of Christ's blood,
That touches, cleanses sin's dark flood,
And saves the soul.

The blue reminds us of the blow
That bruised Christ's cheek when here below :
The green, the freshness of the grace
That gives a glory to the face
Of him who prays.

Humility, the violet,—
And all the arch in colors set
Above man's hatred, far above,
Shines forth a symbol of God's love,
O Saviour mine !

O bow of promise, circling there
Around the throne in colors fair,
O let thy glory be unfurled
Forever o'er our little world !
O Jesus, come !

IDEALS

ERE night her mantle throws o'er land and sea,
The sun with loving fervor kisses oft
The Alpine heights, until they blush and glow
And all the sky is red with answering flame,
And rainbow hues float up and down yon peaks
Like fairies dancing in the moonlight bright,
But soon a change is seen. The earth and sky
Cast off their gorgeous robes and don dull gray,
An ashy paleness creeps o'er peak and dome
And cold the mountains stand like bergs of ice
With all their beauty dead and passed away.

And thus is life. Its ideals seem as gay
As yonder sunlit hills, and weave their threads
Of crimson, blue, and gold around the forms
We love and o'er the hearts and homes of youth,
O summer hours! O golden days of peace!
Why will ye fade and take away our joys?
O cruel cloud! O darksome night of pain!
Why brood ye o'er the hills and vales of earth?
Why dampen life's rich garb with drops of woe?
In vain we struggle against the bars of fate,
Till grieved and stunned and bruised we feel those bars
Fall on the soul crushing our bright ideals.

O child of earth why tune thy harp below
When all its strings give but a dirge at last?
Oh, hear ye not the grand sweet song of love—
The everlasting love of Christ our King?

O ideal life, yet real and soon to be
Our own, our very own, if we are true.
Then help us Lord, to rise and as we rise
To weave around our souls the rainbow hues
Of thy high throne above, and gather rays
Of light to shed o'er those who yet are slaves.

FORSAKEN

A LIVING death is that heart-death
Which leaves another lone,
Forsaken by the one it loves,
A bird whose mate has flown,

And yet men smile and women laugh,
And curl the lip in scorn,
Before the one thus left to weep
In misery forlorn.

O great cold world ! O icy face !
Bereft of love once felt,
Thy gates are brass, thy look is stone,
Nothing thy heart can melt.

Yet dear one left, be comforted,
Gethsemane may be
A place of anguish, but beyond
Are life and love for thee.

THE HORROR OF A GREAT DARKNESS

THERE are times in our lives
When our lights grow dim,
And the Lord seems afar
When we call on Him,
And we feel, as we kneel,
The horror of a great darkness.

There are ways that are drear
To our aching eyes,
And we fain would lie down
'Neath the gloomy skies
And rebel ; and repel
The horror of a great darkness.

And we cry in our pain,
In our inmost heart,
For we feel in our soul
The blood-drops start,
And we know all the woe,—
The horror of a great darkness.

Just one thing can avail
When the night is here :
Pray in faith to the Lord
Till the lights appear,
And the day drives away
The horror of a great darkness.

HOW TO BE REFRESHED

IF yon fair plant should listless say,
"I 'll fold my glossy leaves to-day
And have no part in giving shade
For fear my garment bright will fade,"
Think you it long would stand serene?
Clothed in its robes of living green?

Ah no, the sun could give no light
To leaves all folded from its sight;
The wind could send no breath of air
To foliage hidden with such care.
Though clouds should drop their cooling showers
Those buds could never swell to flowers.

If we should close our hearts and hands
And fasten them with golden bands
And have no part in heaven's great plan
To rescue lost and sinful man,
Think you we long would grow in grace
Or see the shining of God's face?

Ah no, our souls would shrink away
Unless we cleared "the King's highway."
The water brooks that freely flow
Make hillsides green and roses grow.
The generous heart is always blest,
By giving we may be refreshed.

LIFE'S DISCIPLINE

THE flowers lift their tiny heads
And simply grow,
Although the beating of the rain
Oft lays them low,
And like a slowly swinging bell
The day and night
Succeed each other in their course —
Now dark, now light.

The mighty trees send down their roots
By waters wide,
The nestling birdlings try their wings
Beside the tide;
But no resistance there is found —
God works His will
Through trees and days and buttercups
And daffodil.

And thus should we give up our ways
And simply grow
In grace and strength and godliness,
For all we owe
Our God will pay, and lead us on
To conquer sin;
Though ours the battle, ours will be
The discipline.

THE FACE AT THE WINDOW

WHEN weary with the toils of day
I sped my gladsome, homeward way
This thought gave wings unto my feet :
My darling mother I shall meet,
Her face will be at the window.

And now what comfort it would be
To see her waiting there for me,
Waiting to open wide the door.
I long to clasp her form once more,
To see her face at the window.

But she is gone, the house is changed
And everything is rearranged,
And other hands are busy there.
No more a gleam of silver hair,
No more her face at the window.

O mother loved, thy rest is sweet,
No more for thee the noonday heat,
No more the pain of widowhood,
No more a life not understood,
No more thy face at the window.

But by and by, O blessed thought,
When Jesus comes for His blood-bought,
Then through the glory will appear
The face of mother, mother dear
I 've seen so oft at the window.

ROYALTY

YON sky was radiant with the hues of morn ;
The air was sweet.
The mists were climbing yonder hills afar,
And near my feet
A tiny stream was flowing on and on.
The meadows green
Were dotted o'er with starlike daisies white
And June was queen.

The sky soon changed its garb to one of gray,
The air was chill,
The mists had dropped their crowns upon the hills ;
And at my feet
A mighty river moved majestically.
No birds on wing,
The daisies were in graves beneath the snow ;
Winter was king.

A child was playing near its mother's knee,
Its laugh was sweet
As songs of birds, or tinkling of a bell ;
Its tiny feet
Had not as yet found thorns on which to tread ;
Its eyes had seen
No gloom beneath the glow of summer skies ;
Mother was queen.

The child soon changed into an aged man,
His voice was weak ;

His form as trembling as an aspen leaf,
 Withered his cheek.
Life's gloom appeared, but through it gleamed a light.
 His heart could sing.
A star had risen, blessed star of hope ;
 Jesus was King.

STRENGTHEN ME

A DOWN the shadowy vistas dim
Of years to come no more,
Lie phantoms of life's wasted days,
Like drift along the shore,—
A heritage of shattered nerves,
The sin of Adam mine ;
Yet to Thy arm, O God, I cling,
As to the oak the vine.
O strengthen me !

Before me stand grim portals dark,
That must be opened wide,
And heavy weights oppress my feet,
That must be cast aside ;
I stretch my hands in weakness forth,
I struggle to brave ;
I turn to Thee, O mighty One,
For Thou alone canst save.
O strengthen me !

O strengthen me ! I know not now
What trials may await,
I only know Thy strength for me
Is great, yea, very great,
And all things I can do through Thee,
O Jesus, loving Friend ;
Life's lessons may be hard to learn,
But they all upward tend,
O strengthen me !

THE STAR OF TRUTH

THE Christ-Child saw a star and said,
 "It is a light
An angel holds within his hand.
 It is so bright
I can not see his shining face,
 But he is there,
And he shall be my guide, henceforth
 And everywhere."

The years passed on, the Child, a Man,
 Still saw the star —
The word of truth in all its power —
 Shining afar.
He said, "I would the wandering sheep
 Might it behold
And from the wilderness come forth
 To find the fold."

And there beneath that star He knelt
 Wrestling with wrong,
And angels came and ministered,
 A holy throng.
He touched their wings and clasped their hands
 And from God's throne
Obtained a strength and living power
 To be His own.

And when at length above the cross
 The sun grew dim,

The Christ-Child still beheld that star
 Shining for Him.
And still for us the Star shines on —
 The truth divine—
And in our hearts as in His heart
 That truth may shine.

THINGS I LOVE

I LOVE to sit in the gloaming dim
And chant the words of some well-known hymn.
I love to look at the evening sky
And think what the stars may signify.
I love to list to the nightingale,
To hear the wind give a weird, lone wail.

I love to look o'er the placid sea
And fancy ships coming in to me.
I love to stand on a mountain height
And watch the birds in their upward flight.
I love to wander in woodlands wild
As when I wandered, a happy child.

I love to sleep in an attic bed
And hear the rain just o'er my head.
I love all grandmothers, kind and true,
I love all flowers of every hue.
I love all nature, to me it tells
A story sweet as the chime of bells.

I love the sinner the Truth to show,
I love to work with my Lord below.
I love the sound of a voice in prayer
That thrills the heart as it fills the air.
I love to comfort the sad and lone,
To hush the sigh and to check the groan.

I love to think of the loved of yore
Whose forms I see in my home no more,
Remembered well every look and tone,
Alas, for the one that 's left alone ;
But sweet to think of the meeting place
When we shall see our Redeemer's face.

CHRIST THE SONG

HARK! a mother by the cradle
Sings a soft, sweet lullaby,
Sings of Jesus and His childhood,
And the angels hovering nigh;
Sings, while praying, that her darling
May like Jesus live below,
May like Him be kind and gentle
And the seeds of wisdom sow.

List! a soldier out in battle,
Dying there in awful pain,
Sings the words he heard in childhood,
Sings that same, soft, sweet refrain;
And the angels gather round him
As they did in days of yore,
And he knows his pain is nothing
To the pain his Saviour bore.

Hark! 't is grandpa now that 's singing,
Singing hymns of long ago,
Down his cheeks the tears are rolling,
And his voice is trembling, low;
But he 's singing of his Saviour
With a happy, joyful heart,
And he sits in calm contentment
Ready, waiting to depart.

List! the trees and birds are singing,
And the stars take up the strain,

And the hills send back the echo,
Christ will come to earth again ;
Christ the noblest song of singers
Soon will give the perfect key,
And the sin which makes the discords
Evermore will cease to be.

NOTHING CAN MAKE US AFRAID

THE driving storm is sweeping past,
With drifting snow and mournful blast,
The awful pestilence is here,
And many hearts are filled with fear ;
If our peace with God is securely made
Then nothing on earth can make us afraid.

Disease and death are in the land,
And thousands fall on every hand ;
Though plagues and famines here abound,
And wretchedness is all around,
If our peace with God is securely made,
Then nothing below can make us afraid.

The dreadful earthquake's quivering shock,
The sudden woe of hidden rock,
The bloody war and cruel strife,
Have not the power to mar the life ;
If our peace with God is securely made,
Then nothing below can make us afraid.

WE ARE BUT INSTRUMENTS

THE mighty organ with its pipes and keys
Upresents its form in majesty, but gives
No voice, no sound, no tone, until 't is touched
By one who has the power to waken chords
Of music loud and grand, or sweet and low.
And we are instruments awaiting but
The touch of God. His Spirit in the heart
Calls forth deep waves of melody, — a part
Of His own life ; but we must yield ourselves
To Him, aye, passive lie beneath His hand.

LIFE WORK

A SONG was sung in the darkness,
In the sultry summer heat,
And hearts were touched by the music
For the song was passing sweet.
It told of love and of courage,
And of strength to do and bear,
And souls were aroused by the singing
From the depths of dark despair.

A seed was dropped by the wayside
In the days of long ago,
A hand was reached to a brother,
And a word was spoken low;
That seed sprang up in its beauty
And its flowers were scattered far,
That word enshrined in a heart-life
Was a gleaming, guiding star.

A word, a song,—and a life-work
Like a meteor-flash is o'er,
God grant that the song may keep throbbing
When the lips can sing no more.
A hand, a seed, and a harvest,
Amaranth and blue and gold,
A crown, a harp and a mansion,
And a glory all untold.

CONSECRATION

NOT for earthly fame or greatness
Longs my soul ;
Yonder, where the starbeams brighten,
Is my goal.

Streams that freshen many meadows
Onward flow.
Vain the life that seeks completeness
Here below.

Oh, to have a present Saviour !
This is more,
Yea, than all the gold and silver
Kept in store.

Jesus, life and spring of blessings,
Jesus, mine,
Jesus, take and use thy talents,
All are Thine.

MY TREASURES

YOU ask me where my treasures are,
I point to sun and moon and star,
My treasures are afar
Beyond the broad expanse of blue,
Beyond the clouds of crimson hue
My treasures there accrue.

I store my wealth where naught can harm,
I never feel the least alarm,
'T is guarded by God's arm.
What are my treasures way up there?
Treasures of money others share,
And garments others wear.

The pleasant word, the sunny smile,
The deeds that helped to reconcile,
The kindly thought the while.
'T is sweet to know, 't is sweet to feel,
I have a wealth time will reveal,
A wealth no thief can steal.

And I am heir to land and gold,
My treasures never will be sold,
No one can them withhold,—
A city grand with pearly gates,
A mansion for my soul awaits
That life illuminates.

The graveyard holds most precious dust,
'T is kept for me in holy trust,
 Our God is good and just ;
Sometime, somewhere I 'll find my own,
Though I may tread life's path alone,
 We 'll meet before the throne.

JESUS

SWEETER than the honey's sweetness
Is the full divine completeness
Of my Saviour's love.
Dearer far than earthly treasure
Is the joy that knows no measure,—
Heavenly joy above.

Closer to my soul and nearer,
More beloved by far and dearer
Is my Lord to me,
Than earth's fame so vain and fleeting,
Or the friends who give me greeting
On life's stormy sea.

Purer than the lily's whiteness,
Clearer than the noonday brightness,—
Jesus, Saviour, mine.
Come, O come in all Thy beauty,
Let Thy love make every duty
With Thy glory shine.

SYMPATHY

IF your soul were in my soul's stead,
O say, would you speak as you do?
If your heart felt all my heart's pain,
O think how 't would seem unto you.

If your feet stood where my feet stand,
How firm do you think they would be?
If your home were just like my home,
O, what would you say then to me?

If your soul were in my soul's stead,
Are words that to you have been given.
Let your voice be sympathy's voice,
And 't will be an echo from heaven.

MY SONG

A SONG I 'd write for remembrance
What shall it be ?
The hidden music of the heart —
Life's mystery ?
A song that 's memory-haunted
With measures low ?
Or one now wild and thrilling,
Then solemn, slow ?

I take a sunbeam for a lyre
And touch the strings
And try to wake the chorus sweet
That nature sings ;
My listening ear soon quickly finds
A note is there
That moans and sobs and echoes forth
The world's despair.

I take the harp of God's great love
And chords respond
That vibrate through my inmost soul
And far beyond ;
Till heaven and earth are brought so near
The arches ring,
And I can almost hear the notes
The angels sing.

BEAUTIFUL NAME

BEAUTIFUL name, I see it now,
Made out of tears and sighs,
Standing for sacrifice,
Letters that gleam like stars of gold,
Twisted in straw from manger old,—
Beautiful name of Jesus.

Beautiful name, in earth and sky,
Sounding from harp-strings low,
Shining in fires that glow,
Breathed by the flowers both night and day,
Blest be that name, yea, blest for aye,
Beautiful name of Jesus.

Beautiful name enwrought in blood,
Piercing the heart of sin,
Letting the sunshine in,
Salvation, Salvation to men,
Amen and amen and amen,—
Beautiful name of Jesus.

YE SHALL BE COMFORTED

YE shall be comforted,
O soul in sorrow deep.
Ye shall be comforted,
O ye who mourn and weep
As a mother soothes with song,
When the path is rough and long,
Ye shall be comforted.

Ye shall be comforted,
By One who knows all pain,
Ye shall be comforted.
That comfort will remain,
For the Father of our Lord
Of all comfort, is thy God.
Ye shall be comforted.

Ye shall be comforted,
That ye may onward go.
Ye shall be comforted
To comfort those in woe,
For the trouble that was thine
May become a strength divine.
Ye shall be comforted.

IF I SHOULD DIE

I DO not care to die, for life is sweet,
But death is here,
An enemy forever on my track,
Forever near.
If I should die, I ask not for a throng
To crowd around
To gaze upon my face, to see me lowered
Into the ground.

I ask not for the epitaph of fame
When I am dead,
I care not for the flattering words
That may be said ;
I would the poor that I have helped,
The sick and sad
Might say with tears beside my bier :
"She made me glad."

If I should die, I ask my friends
To kindly speak,
Forgetting all the things that grieved
And made us weak ;
And looking on beyond the days
And years to come,
Think of the promise of our Lord,
The mansion-home.

A DRAMA OF LIFE

A TINY babe in trailing robes of white ;
A fragrance as from roses in their bloom ;
A day-dream sweet with tender notes of love,
And bright with beauty born in lands of song ;
A discord in the music sounding far ;
A quivering of the pulses as with pain ;
An unseen conflict in the darkness dire ;
A wounded heart, a burden, and a groan.
A touch of hands, a sympathetic thrill ;
A holy hush, a prayer, a tear, a sigh ;
The murmur of a surging, moaning sea ;
A boatman for his own, and all is o'er.

A soft, rich radiance in the earth and sky ;
A freshness in the air, a burst of song ;
A throng of shining angels, pearly gates,
And all the glory of a city fair,
Long, long foretold. Wide open graves, fair forms
Ascending high, repeating o'er and o'er :
" Praise ye the Lord ! Praise ye the Lord, for aye ! "
And all the hills and all the trees and all
The universe take up the glad refrain :
" Praise ye the Lord ! Praise ye the Lord, for aye ! "

NOBILITY OF HEART

He who can suffer wrong and still
Be calm, and gentle, kind,
Has in his heart that which some seek
And seeking never find ;
'T is not the common throng that thus
Stand on the plains above,
But here and there a loyal one
Whose every thought is love.

And why not found by all who seek ?
Because 't is sought within —
'T is sought where wickedness abounds,—
In self, and self is sin.
Nobility of heart must come
From heaven's own lofty throne,
And only by repentant ones
Is truly sought and known.

AT EVENTIDE

THE crystal glow of the sleeping lake,
The brightening gleam of the sky,
The dreamy hush of the twilight hour,
The whip-poor-will's plaintive cry,
Wake broken chords of forgotten song
That wander through heart and brain,—
The song of childhood, the song of love,
A tender and sweet refrain.

O years like dew in the morning sun,
O shadowy scenes of the past,
Your visions are like a tangled web,
Like wrecks on the seashore cast.
We gaze, and gazing can never find
The beauty for which we sigh ;
We upward reach and grasp but the air,
We call and there 's no reply.

But life is more than a phantom dim,
If we hope for much and aspire.
'T is faith that points to the things unseen,
And lifts the feet from the mire.
In self there 's never a stepping-stone
To heights of yon blessed goal ;
The Teacher true and the Helper kind
Is Christ, who would save the soul.

THE MORNING COMETH

FOR years and years the night of sin
Has flung its shadows dire
O'er all the earth, and anxious hearts
Have felt the Spirit's fire,
And cried in faith, "O Lord, how long
Before Thy saints will sing the song
Of sunrise and of cheer?"

The careless watcher oft mistakes
The signs of dawning day,
But not the humble child of God ;
For tears have washed away
The dust of unbelief, and he
From God's own Word can clearly see
The signal-lights appear.

The morning cometh ! Lift your heads,
O children of the King ;
Look up, rejoice, and know for sure
That life is on the wing,
And crowns will sparkle on thy brow,
The Lord Himself will thee endow,
And glory meet thy gaze.

The morning cometh ! Ye that sleep
In dusty beds, awake,
And ye in ocean caves, arise ;
For hill and vale will quake,

And with the coming of the day,
The power of death will pass away,
And smoothed be all life's maze.

The morning cometh ! Shout, O earth,
For soon thy garments gray
Will all be changed, thy deserts bloom,
Thy clouds all pass away ;
Thy chilly winds no more will be,
And all thy hills in jubilee
Rejoice o'er Jesus' reign.

The morning cometh ! O be glad,
Ye angels of the Lord ;
O worlds unnumbered, earth, and sky,
Unite in thanks to God ;
For when the rainbow of His love,
Which circles round the throne above,
Comes earthward, 't will remain.

GLORIFIED

SOMETIMES when the sun o'er the hills is gleaming,
The rays turn to crimson and gold in beaming,
Like rainbows to fragments shattered,
With bits of their splendor scattered
Till peaks seem glorified.

Sometimes when a word of good cheer is spoken
To hearts that are crushed until well-nigh broken,
The shining of angel faces
Through the far-off open spaces
Makes life seem glorified.

And soon will the King of kingdoms be bringing
His own from the dusty old graveyards ; with singing
They 'll rise to the glory above,
To meet the dear Saviour they love.
And all be glorified.

And not in the glamour that comes of dreaming,
And not down the vista of simply seeming
Will be the Eden of flowers —
The garden entwined with bowers —
When earth is glorified.







AR 11 1912

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Oct. 2009

PreservationTechnologies
A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION

111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 873 727 9